

# THE..... WHITE LIE.

By  
Paul Jinks Grealy.

"Genevieve, I am very thirsty."

The young girl laid aside the embroidery that she was engaged upon near the window, and, in the gathering gloom of the dying day, approached the bed from whence issued this querulous demand.

"I will give you a little of that cooling drink the doctor prescribed, grandma," the girl observed.

But the pale face of the convalescent, with its frame of silvery-tinted hair, slowly turned on the pillows.

"Oh, that drink," she murmured, "I have taken so much of it! Do you know what I should like to have, Genevieve?"

Her grandmother smiled slightly and returned:

"I haven't the slightest idea, grandma. Yet I am a little afraid that you may take advantage of the fact that you have been spoiled lately. Still, speak, and if it is possible, if I can give you what you want without infringing upon your prescriptions, I shall do it, I promise you."

In a caressing way she then touched the old lady's white hair, while the latter, tenderly regarding her, rejoined:

"Yes, you are a good child. How you have longed for me that very thing! I tasted so good, and that other stuff the doctor ordered. I dislike it so much. I do not want any more of it!"

Genevieve's face grew a shade paler, and she murmured:

"But, grandma—"

"What, dearie?" the invalid queried.

"You certainly will not refuse to give me what I was allowed to have when in danger?"

"No. But do you know what that refreshing drink was, grandma?" the young girl quickly asked.

"Tell me," her companion went on.

"Ah! Now I see why I preferred it to all the other decisions that you have made. I will gladly take some more of it."

"But," the girl stammered.

She was going to say:

"Champagne is so expensive."

Yet her grandmother's sweet face looked so peaceful after the nervous crisis that she had undergone, so imbued with fresh vigor, that her courage failed her; she felt that she could not weigh the one who was so dear to her, who had so recently escaped from the shadow of death, with the material preoccupations that, severely, were overwhelming the girl, so she simply said:

"But, I have no more of it, grandma."

"That makes no difference," her companion observed, with a convalescent's childish obstinacy. "I can do without it to-night. But you can get me some to-morrow. My little Genevieve, promise me that you will."

The girl hesitated, her heart aching; then the old lady grew more persuasive.

"Oh, I do not expect to take it without water. Only champagne quenches the thirst better than anything else. And I am always so thirsty! I am hungry, too, which proves that I am on the road to health. Now, here's a good idea, Genevieve. What do you say to my having a little chicken? That you know, is one of a convalescent's dishes. I have had enough of those everlasting beefed eggs. So, now it is understood, is it not, dear? when you buy the champagne to-morrow you will remember to get me some chicken, also? Then what a meal I shall have! And you will see how soon I shall be on my feet again."

While thus speaking she looked appealingly at the young girl.

Genevieve's mind was filled with all these thoughts.

It was, indeed, a joy to again see her grandmother so like her old self, after the deadly torpor of that malady that had assailed her, this dear one, who was the only relative she possessed in the world, and who had kept her heart young and who had retained a certain childish gaiety amid life's many disenchantsments. The young girl now understood how wise it is to discount one's submission to the whims of those one only cherishes the more for having nearly lost.

And so, with great tenderness she bent over the invalid, and gingerly touched her lips to the white hair, murmuring at the same time:

"Dear grandma, I promise you, you shall have your chicken and champagne."

However, simple as appeared the acquiescence to the invalid's thoughtless caprice, it was not easy for Genevieve to accomplish, and, on the following day she painfully realized that, carried away by filial affection, she had under taken too much.

For, beneath those insignificant words lay a most distressing situation.

Endowed with both beauty and education, but of a family absolutely ruined, Genevieve found herself the sole support of her living kinswoman. And that the latter might want for naught she labored untiringly, giving lessons, accomplishing small orders in painting, resigning herself, in short, to doing every craft that is the uncertain lot of those in whom a keen foresight has left undeveloped any special inclination.

Her grandmother's illness, while involving them in debt, had aggravated the condition of affairs, one sacrifice followed another, and Genevieve had reached a point when she had to resort to manual labor to assure them of their daily bread.

And she was soon to be robbed of this last expedient.

Her grandmother was near at hand, and an annual period ever dreaded by the workwoman, the "black" season.

In reality the next day, when Genevieve carried her work to the embroidery shop, where she had been in the habit of receiving the small sum of five francs for what represented a week's labor, the cashier informed her that no

further orders would be taken until autumn.

With an aching heart the young girl turned away, and her thoughts reverted to the invalid who awaited her return, and she mused with sorrow of what she would be forced to submit to in lieu of enjoying that placid repose which makes a convalescence a delightful. Alas, it was no longer a question of champagne or chicken, nor of any tender attention. It was the necessities of life that obstructed themselves in their brutal simplicity, and Genevieve did not know how to meet the daily requirements. The five francs once spent she would be at the end of her resources.

"Oh," she mentally ejaculated, "What is going to become of us?"

She was walking sorrowfully on, with her head bent down, believing her horizon bereft of all hope, when she suddenly heard her name called:

"Why, Mlle. Genevieve, how is it that you do not look over the advertisements to-day?"

The young girl was so deeply engrossed in her own reflection that she had just passed the corner where Mother Xavier sold her papers, and by one of those delicate charities that the poor often employ towards those who are more needy than themselves, she had each day permitted Genevieve to read the papers, that she might thus encourage the girl in her spring time of hope.

To this discreet assistance Genevieve owed much modest employment, as well as the needle work that would now be no longer required.

Then, by one of the superstitious familiar to those who suffer, she tried to think the cordial invitation coming to her in the midst of her distress, contained, perhaps, a mysterious appeal of some sort, and retracing her steps with eagerness, she hastened to the kiosk to scan the papers that the news vendor extended to her with a good natured smile.

But suddenly she gave a start. The following dazzling announcement danced before her eyes:

"WANTED—Young girl, non-professional, type, very pure, to pose for head, for an honorable and well known artist. Twenty francs for sitting of two hours, to continue through the summer months. Call at the studio of Robert Nanteuil, 250 Avenue de Villiers."

"Twenty francs for every sitting! And for all summer! Should she go?" the girl asked herself. She could readily arrange for the absence, and then, her dear convalescent's every fancy could be gratified.

For an instant, however, the refinement of her nature revolted against her being a "model."

But good sense and imperious necessity came to her aid, depicting to her that she had been deluded by the common acceptance of the word. In reality, it was only a matter of allowing an artist to make a copy of an ensemble of physiognomy, unencountered probably by him, in the ordinary model. "What could be more correct?" she mused. If she were to have her portrait painted, would she not be compelled to pose in the same way?

"Come! be brave, Genevieve!" she then murmured to herself.

So with a trembling heart, but firm bearing, she directed her steps toward Avenue de Villiers.

Absorbed in thought, Robert Nanteuil, the artist, walked back and forth in his studio, with a cigarette between his teeth.

The contraction of his features, ordinarily so indicative of good nature, proved that the young man, endowed with wealth and success, found himself the victim of a vexatious problem. And Benoit, the old servant, who had tended him since he was a boy, could not refrain from making this remark: "I fear that M. Robert is not well satisfied this morning?" At the same time he carefully busied himself with the objects of art that were scattered in disorder over a console table.

The artist asked nothing better than to open his heart to this faithful servant, while enjoying the privileges due to his long and loyal service, did not hesitate to lecture his former charge, and, at a pinch, to give him some advice.

"I should say I was not!" the artist retorted. "I am in excellent humor!"

"That does not help matters," Benoit judiciously observed, while he picked up the cigarette that the young man had just tossed aside to better express the truth of his present mental condition. "I suppose then that the advertisement has not brought about the results Monsieur expected?"

The artist shrugged his shoulders in disgust, and rejoined:

"Oh, yes, that's it! For the past eight days girls of every style and kind have called upon me! Blondes, brunettes and red-haired! But alas! none possessed the contour, lines and expression of ideal purity that I require for my figure of 'Candor'! Ah! Benoit, candor does not run about the streets! I only know where I could find the head! I am sure I am right! A brow upon which no cloud has hovered, eyes that contain a little of heaven's infinite charm, a smile that—"

A timid girl here interrupted the lyric enumeration, and with a duster in his hand Benoit said in an encouraging tone, as he started towards the door:

"Perhaps that is the young lady you want, now, M. Robert! And in any case, have patience! You will be sure to find her! Somewhere in Paris candor can certainly be met with!"

With this conclusion, which testified to volubility optimism or to profound philosophy, Benoit disappeared to admit the unknown visitor, and the artist remained motionless in the centre of the studio, his heart fraught with intense curiosity.

"Had the one who incarnated his instinctive quest, as well as his artistic fancy, arrived?" he mentally asked himself.

The door again opened and Benoit re-

appeared, accompanied by a young, evile looking person of attractive bearing, gowned in a modest way, but wearing so thick a veil, that her features were not distinguishable.

"Monsieur," she began in a voice that shook with emotion. "I have called—"

"Owing to the advertisement which I had inserted in the newspapers, I suppose?" Robert concluded in the tones of gentle courtesy that, as a well bred man, he always used in his relations with women, irrespective of their condition. Do not disturb yourself, madeleine, it is very simple. Will you kindly remove your hat?"

With trembling fingers Genevieve silently obeyed.

Instantly the artist was fascinated with the perfect oval of an exquisite countenance, the creamy flesh of which was heightened by the scintillation of two incomparable eyes of azure grey, within whose depths lay innocence, melancholy and reflection, all the divine charms of an unconscious personality.

When at last his joy permitted him to speak, he exclaimed:

"Oh! I thank you for having come! I shall be indebted to you for my masterpiece. I beg of you to let me begin at once."

She acquiesced with an air of happy relief, and the artist, seizing some charcoal, transported by the fervor which possesses one of his profession when they feel that their ideal is within their grasp, made a rough sketch of her features, while Benoit retired with jubilation.

Three hours later Genevieve, overjoyed, contemplated her grandmother partaking of the coveted beverage, as well as the small portion of chicken that had been so eagerly desired, while the old lady, enlivened by the naive greediness of the convalescent, declared that she should be on her feet the following day.

To this discreet assistance Genevieve owed much modest employment, as well as the needle work that would now be no longer required.

Then, by one of the superstitious familiar to those who suffer, she tried to think the cordial invitation coming to her in the midst of her distress, contained, perhaps, a mysterious appeal of some sort, and retracing her steps with eagerness, she hastened to the kiosk to scan the papers that the news vendor extended to her with a good natured smile.

But suddenly she gave a start. The following dazzling announcement danced before her eyes:

"WANTED—Young girl, non-professional, type, very pure, to pose for head, for an honorable and well known artist. Twenty francs for sitting of two hours, to continue through the summer months. Call at the studio of Robert Nanteuil, 250 Avenue de Villiers."

"Twenty francs for every sitting! And for all summer! Should she go?" the girl asked herself. She could readily arrange for the absence, and then, her dear convalescent's every fancy could be gratified.

For an instant, however, the refinement of her nature revolted against her being a "model."

But good sense and imperious necessity came to her aid, depicting to her that she had been deluded by the common acceptance of the word. In reality, it was only a matter of allowing an artist to make a copy of an ensemble of physiognomy, unencountered probably by him, in the ordinary model. "What could be more correct?" she mused. If she were to have her portrait painted, would she not be compelled to pose in the same way?

"Come! be brave, Genevieve!" she then murmured to herself.

So with a trembling heart, but firm bearing, she directed her steps toward Avenue de Villiers.

Absorbed in thought, Robert Nanteuil, the artist, walked back and forth in his studio, with a cigarette between his teeth.

The contraction of his features, ordinarily so indicative of good nature, proved that the young man, endowed with wealth and success, found himself the victim of a vexatious problem. And Benoit, the old servant, who had tended him since he was a boy, could not refrain from making this remark: "I fear that M. Robert is not well satisfied this morning?" At the same time he carefully busied himself with the objects of art that were scattered in disorder over a console table.

The artist asked nothing better than to open his heart to this faithful servant, while enjoying the privileges due to his long and loyal service, did not hesitate to lecture his former charge, and, at a pinch, to give him some advice.

"I should say I was not!" the artist retorted. "I am in excellent humor!"

"That does not help matters," Benoit judiciously observed, while he picked up the cigarette that the young man had just tossed aside to better express the truth of his present mental condition. "I suppose then that the advertisement has not brought about the results Monsieur expected?"

The artist shrugged his shoulders in disgust, and rejoined:

"Oh, yes, that's it! For the past eight days girls of every style and kind have called upon me! Blondes, brunettes and red-haired! But alas! none possessed the contour, lines and expression of ideal purity that I require for my figure of 'Candor'! Ah! Benoit, candor does not run about the streets! I only know where I could find the head! I am sure I am right! A brow upon which no cloud has hovered, eyes that contain a little of heaven's infinite charm, a smile that—"

A timid girl here interrupted the lyric enumeration, and with a duster in his hand Benoit said in an encouraging tone, as he started towards the door:

"Perhaps that is the young lady you want, now, M. Robert! And in any case, have patience! You will be sure to find her! Somewhere in Paris candor can certainly be met with!"

With this conclusion, which testified to volubility optimism or to profound philosophy, Benoit disappeared to admit the unknown visitor, and the artist remained motionless in the centre of the studio, his heart fraught with intense curiosity.

"Had the one who incarnated his instinctive quest, as well as his artistic fancy, arrived?" he mentally asked himself.

The door again opened and Benoit re-

appeared, accompanied by a young, evile looking person of attractive bearing, gowned in a modest way, but wearing so thick a veil, that her features were not distinguishable.

"Monsieur," she began in a voice that shook with emotion. "I have called—"

"Owing to the advertisement which I had inserted in the newspapers, I suppose?" Robert concluded in the tones of gentle courtesy that, as a well bred man, he always used in his relations with women, irrespective of their condition. Do not disturb yourself, madeleine, it is very simple. Will you kindly remove your hat?"

With trembling fingers Genevieve silently obeyed.

Instantly the artist was fascinated with the perfect oval of an exquisite countenance, the creamy flesh of which was heightened by the scintillation of two incomparable eyes of azure grey, within whose depths lay innocence, melancholy and reflection, all the divine charms of an unconscious personality.

When at last his joy permitted him to speak, he exclaimed:

"Oh! I thank you for having come! I shall be indebted to you for my masterpiece. I beg of you to let me begin at once."

She acquiesced with an air of happy relief, and the artist, seizing some charcoal, transported by the fervor which possesses one of his profession when they feel that their ideal is within their grasp, made a rough sketch of her features, while Benoit retired with jubilation.

Three hours later Genevieve, overjoyed, contemplated her grandmother partaking of the coveted beverage, as well as the small portion of chicken that had been so eagerly desired, while the old lady, enlivened by the naive greediness of the convalescent, declared that she should be on her feet the following day.

To this discreet assistance Genevieve owed much modest employment, as well as the needle work that would now be no longer required.

Then, by one of the superstitious familiar to those who suffer, she tried to think the cordial invitation coming to her in the midst of her distress, contained, perhaps, a mysterious appeal of some sort, and retracing her steps with eagerness, she hastened to the kiosk to scan the papers that the news vendor extended to her with a good natured smile.

But suddenly she gave a start. The following dazzling announcement danced before her eyes:

"WANTED—Young girl, non-professional, type, very pure, to pose for head, for an honorable and well known artist. Twenty francs for sitting of two hours, to continue through the summer months. Call at the studio of Robert Nanteuil, 250 Avenue de Villiers."

"Twenty francs for every sitting! And for all summer! Should she go?" the girl asked herself. She could readily arrange for the absence, and then, her dear convalescent's every fancy could be gratified.

For an instant, however, the refinement of her nature revolted against her being a "model."

But good sense and imperious necessity came to her aid, depicting to her that she had been deluded by the common acceptance of the word. In reality, it was only a matter of allowing an artist to make a copy of an ensemble of physiognomy, unencountered probably by him, in the ordinary model. "What could be more correct?" she mused. If she were to have her portrait painted, would she not be compelled to pose in the same way?

"Come! be brave, Genevieve!" she then murmured to herself.

So with a trembling heart, but firm bearing, she directed her steps toward Avenue de Villiers.

Absorbed in thought, Robert Nanteuil, the artist, walked back and forth in his studio, with a cigarette between his teeth.

The contraction of his features, ordinarily so indicative of good nature, proved that the young man, endowed with wealth and success, found himself the victim of a vexatious problem. And Benoit, the old servant, who had tended him since he was a boy, could not refrain from making this remark: "I fear that M. Robert is not well satisfied this morning?" At the same time he carefully busied himself with the objects of art that were scattered in disorder over a console table.

The artist asked nothing better than to open his heart to this faithful servant, while enjoying the privileges due to his long and loyal service, did not hesitate to lecture his former charge, and, at a pinch, to give him some advice.

"I should say I was not!" the artist retorted. "I am in excellent humor!"

"That does not help matters," Benoit judiciously observed, while he picked up the cigarette that the young man had just tossed aside to better express the truth of his present mental condition. "I suppose then that the advertisement has not brought about the results Monsieur expected?"

The artist shrugged his shoulders in disgust, and rejoined:

"Oh, yes, that's it! For the past eight days girls of every style and kind have called upon me! Blondes, brunettes and red-haired! But alas! none possessed the contour, lines and expression of ideal purity that I require for my figure of 'Candor'! Ah! Benoit, candor does not run about the streets! I only know where I could find the head! I am sure I am right! A brow upon which no cloud has hovered, eyes that contain a little of heaven's infinite charm, a smile that—"

A timid girl here interrupted the lyric enumeration, and with a duster in his hand Benoit said in an encouraging tone, as he started towards the door:

"Perhaps that is the young lady you want, now, M. Robert! And in any case, have patience! You will be sure to find her! Somewhere in Paris candor can certainly be met with!"

With this conclusion, which testified to volubility optimism or to profound philosophy, Benoit disappeared to admit the unknown visitor, and the artist remained motionless in the centre of the studio, his heart fraught with intense curiosity.

"Had the one who incarnated his instinctive quest, as well as his artistic fancy, arrived?" he mentally asked himself.

The door again opened and Benoit re-

appeared, accompanied by a young, evile looking person of attractive bearing, gowned in a modest way, but wearing so thick a veil, that her features were not distinguishable.

"Monsieur," she began in a voice that shook with emotion. "I have called—"

"Owing to the advertisement which I had inserted in the newspapers, I suppose?" Robert concluded in the tones of gentle courtesy that, as a well bred man, he always used in his relations with women, irrespective of their condition. Do not disturb yourself, madeleine, it is very simple. Will you kindly remove your hat?"

With trembling fingers Genevieve silently obeyed.

Instantly the artist was fascinated with the perfect oval of an exquisite countenance, the creamy flesh of which was heightened by the scintillation of two incomparable eyes of azure grey, within whose depths lay innocence, melancholy and reflection, all the divine charms of an unconscious personality.

When at last his joy permitted him to speak, he exclaimed:

"Oh! I thank you for having come! I shall be indebted to you for my masterpiece. I beg of you to let me begin at once."

She acquiesced with an air of happy relief, and the artist, seizing some charcoal, transported by the fervor which possesses one of his profession when they feel that their ideal is within their grasp, made a rough sketch of her features, while Benoit retired with jubilation.

Three hours later Genevieve, overjoyed, contemplated her grandmother partaking of the coveted beverage, as well as the small portion of chicken that had been so eagerly desired, while the old lady, enlivened by the naive greediness of the convalescent, declared that she should be on her feet the following day.

To this discreet assistance Genevieve owed much modest employment, as well as the needle work that would now be no longer required.

Then, by one of the superstitious familiar to those who suffer, she tried to think the cordial invitation coming to her in the midst of her distress, contained, perhaps, a mysterious appeal of some sort, and retracing her steps with eagerness, she hastened to the kiosk to scan the papers that the news vendor extended to her with a good natured smile.

But suddenly she gave a start. The following dazzling announcement danced before her eyes:

"WANTED—Young girl, non-professional, type, very pure, to pose for head, for an honorable and well known artist. Twenty francs for sitting of two hours, to continue through the summer months. Call at the studio of Robert Nanteuil, 250 Avenue de Villiers."

"Twenty francs for every sitting! And for all summer! Should she go?" the girl asked herself. She could readily arrange for the absence, and then, her dear convalescent's every fancy could be gratified.

For an instant, however, the refinement of her nature revolted against her being a "model."

But good sense and imperious necessity came to her aid, depicting to her that she had been deluded by the common acceptance of the word. In reality, it was only a matter of allowing an artist to make a copy of an ensemble of physiognomy, unencountered probably by him, in the ordinary model. "What could be more correct?" she mused. If she were to have her portrait painted, would she not be compelled to pose in the same way?

"Come! be brave, Genevieve!" she then murmured to herself.

So with a trembling heart, but firm bearing, she directed her steps toward Avenue de Villiers.

Absorbed in thought, Robert Nanteuil, the artist, walked back and forth in his studio, with a cigarette between his teeth.

The contraction of his features, ordinarily so indicative of good nature, proved that the young man, endowed with wealth and success, found himself the victim of a vexatious problem. And Benoit, the old servant, who had tended him since he was a boy, could not refrain from making this remark: "I fear that M. Robert is not well satisfied this morning?" At the same time he carefully busied himself with the objects of art that were scattered in disorder over a console table.

The artist asked nothing better than to open his heart to this faithful servant, while enjoying the privileges due to his long and loyal service, did not hesitate to lecture his former charge, and, at a pinch, to give him some advice.

"I should say I was not!" the artist retorted. "I am in excellent humor!"

"That does not help matters," Benoit judiciously observed, while he picked up the cigarette that the young man had just tossed aside to better express the truth of his present mental condition. "I suppose then that the advertisement has not brought about the results Monsieur expected?"

The artist shrugged his shoulders in disgust, and rejoined:

"Oh, yes, that's it! For the past eight days girls of every style and kind have called upon me! Blondes, brunettes and red-haired! But alas! none possessed the contour, lines and expression of ideal purity that I require for my figure of 'Candor'! Ah! Benoit, candor does not run about the streets! I only know where I could find the head! I am sure I am right! A brow upon which no cloud has hovered, eyes that contain a little of heaven's infinite charm, a smile that—"

A timid girl here interrupted the lyric enumeration, and with a duster in his hand Benoit said in an encouraging tone, as he started towards the door:

"Perhaps that is the young lady you want, now, M. Robert! And in any case, have patience! You will be sure to find her! Somewhere in Paris candor can certainly be met with!"

With this conclusion, which testified to volubility optimism or to profound philosophy, Benoit disappeared to admit the unknown visitor, and the artist remained motionless in the centre of the studio, his heart fraught with intense curiosity.

"Had the one who incarnated his instinctive quest, as well as his artistic fancy, arrived?" he mentally asked himself.

The door again opened and Benoit re-

appeared, accompanied by a young, evile looking person of attractive bearing, gowned in a modest way, but wearing so thick a veil, that her features were not distinguishable.

"Monsieur," she began in a voice that shook with emotion. "I have called—"

"Owing to the advertisement which I had inserted in the newspapers, I suppose?" Robert concluded in the tones of gentle courtesy that, as a well bred man, he always used in his relations with women, irrespective of their condition. Do not disturb yourself, madeleine, it is very simple. Will you kindly remove your hat?"

With trembling fingers Genevieve silently obeyed.

Instantly the artist was fascinated with the perfect oval of an exquisite countenance, the creamy flesh of which was heightened by the scintillation of two incomparable eyes of azure grey, within whose depths lay innocence, melancholy and reflection, all the divine charms of an unconscious personality.

When at last his joy permitted him to speak, he exclaimed:

"Oh! I thank you for having come! I shall be indebted to you for my masterpiece. I beg of you to let me begin at once."

She acquiesced with an air of happy relief, and the artist, seizing some charcoal, transported by the fervor which possesses one of his profession when they feel that their ideal is within their grasp, made a rough sketch of her features, while Benoit retired with jubilation.

Three hours later Genevieve, overjoyed, contemplated her grandmother partaking of the coveted beverage, as well as the small portion of chicken that had been so eagerly desired, while the old lady, enlivened by the naive greediness of the convalescent, declared that she should be on her feet the following day.

To this discreet assistance Genevieve owed much modest employment, as well as the needle work that would now be no longer required.

Then, by one of the superstitious familiar to those who suffer, she tried to think the cordial invitation coming to her in the midst of her distress, contained, perhaps, a mysterious appeal of some sort, and retracing her steps with eagerness, she hastened to the kiosk to scan the papers that the news vendor extended to her with a good natured smile.

But suddenly she gave a start. The following dazzling announcement danced before her eyes:

"WANTED—Young girl, non-professional, type, very pure, to pose for head, for an honorable and well known artist. Twenty francs for sitting of two hours, to continue through the summer months. Call at the studio of Robert Nanteuil, 250 Avenue de Villiers."

"Twenty francs for every sitting! And for all summer! Should she go?" the girl asked herself. She could readily arrange for the absence, and then, her dear convalescent's every fancy could be gratified.

For an instant, however, the refinement of her nature revolted against her being a "model."

But good sense and imperious necessity came to her aid, depicting to her that she had been deluded by the common acceptance of the word. In reality, it was only a matter of allowing an artist to make a copy of an ensemble of physiognomy, unencountered probably by him, in the ordinary model. "What could be more correct?" she mused. If she were to have her portrait painted, would she not be compelled to pose in the same way?

"Come! be brave, Genevieve!" she then murmured to herself.